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VOL. 48—No. 4.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1870.

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MISS COOLEY (Pupil of *Madame MONTSEBERRAT*) will sing *WILLINGTON GIBBS's* popular waltz aria, "THE NALADES," at the Beethoven Rooms, February 11th.

MR. HARLEY VINNING will sing "BUT WHO MAY ABIDE," "THE PEOPLE THAT WALKED IN DARKNESS," "WHY DO THE NATIONS," "THE TRUMPET SHALL SOUND," in the "MESSIAH," at the Royal Artillery Grand Military Concert, Woolwich, 25th inst. For Concerts, Oratorios, &c., address care of Musical Agency, 125, Regent Street, W.

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A GERMAN ON THE SOCIAL POSITION OF MUSICIANS.*

The most varied opinions prevail regarding the position musicians occupy in society, what position they are justified in occupying, and in what way they should strive to achieve, and maintain it; every opinion is founded upon a different view of the subject; each claims to be the correct one; and each contains as great an amount of truth as of error. Good society affirms that it welcomes most cordially every musician worth anything; that it receives him on a footing of perfect equality, and that, even though he may not be very celebrated or particularly gifted, still, as an artist honourably striving to do his best, he may reckon upon a most friendly reception; that, among leading musicians, only the presumptuous and arrogant, and, also, such as combine insignificant productions with grand pretensions, find themselves slighted and humbled; but that their dissatisfaction is not the result of the treatment with which they meet, but of the too high opinion they entertain of themselves, an opinion which prevents them from obtaining a clear idea of their positions and their rights. We hear, on the other hand, reproaches against good society and its caprices; it is charged with patronizing only artists of great talent who have already attained a reputation with the public, and no longer require the patronage of individuals, or the marks of honour bestowed by them; that, among second-rate artists, the most friendly reception is by no means accorded to those striving honourably to achieve great things, but to those who understand how to gain the favour of the leading or the rich members of high society, and that it is utterly incomprehensible how many who have never been known to produce aught of importance meet with so much favour, and are admitted into the best circles, while others, who enjoy a higher reputation, are left unnoticed. These opinions find an echo among artists themselves, according to their respective positions and circumstances. Among the great and celebrated who are honoured and esteemed, some entertain the honourable and sound belief, that they owe exclusively to sincere and general enthusiasm for art the marks of distinction which they receive; others are pleased that they, as individuals, should mix in high society and be made the objects of its attentions; that is sufficient for their ambition, and all other questions are a matter of indifference to them. Second-rate musicians, of course, judge general social relations according to the place assigned in those relations to themselves. The composer or virtuoso who is often invited to dinner or to an evening party, by her Excellence the Countess of So-and-So, or by Madame la Commerzienrath Three-Stars, and introduced to their acquaintances, feels perfectly charmed by the amiability of such society, and cannot, or will not, comprehend how anyone can doubt the sincere love of art entertained by its members, and their profound intelligence; but the artist, on the other hand, whom they do not invite and recommend, is filled with resentment, and allows himself not unfrequently to indulge in lamentations, and tirades, which might subject him to the suspicion of calling the grapes sour because they hang beyond his reach. Yet, both praise and complaint are justifiable, only they are not properly meted out and applied; they are founded partially upon false assumptions, and these give rise to the incorrect conclusions and opinions formed.

If we consider carefully the relations of musicians to Society, and their respective influence upon each other, we shall find that, on the one hand, Society is far from deserving the reproaches directed against it by those musicians who feel themselves aggrieved, but that, on the other hand, it ought to be the mission of artists of eminence to assist and maintain the freedom and independence of their position more than they hitherto have done, because they are the only persons who can do so.

In former times, the patronage and encouragement accorded to art proceeded—and in the case of music, exclusively—from the higher classes. The nobility of South Germany cultivated music with assiduity, and many families maintained private musical establishments (*Kapellen*) of their own; it was the members of this aristocracy that subscribed to concerts, which were never got up unless a subscription had been previously opened. The history of the greatest composers shows that the patronage of the nobility exercised the greatest influence upon their career—it proves to anyone who considers the question attentively that Haydn, who conformed cheerfully to every turn of fate, and was so modest and amiable, enjoyed in a high degree the patronage of the aristocracy, while the independent Mozart, who looked the world more boldly in the face, is always complaining, in his letters, that he has to worry himself to no purpose. Beethoven was the first who ventured to place himself on an equality with the aristocracy; he succeeded, because a man so grandly endowed by nature could not fail to take the upper hand; how far the little word "van," which, before the decision of the *Landesgericht*, was regarded as a predicate of nobility, contributed to the fact that the highest aristocracy treated him with

such great consideration, and even put up with his outbursts of temper, is something to which we may here cursorily refer—that many members of this same aristocracy were sincere admirers and thorough judges of music; and that they would have recognized Beethoven as a great genius, even had he not come before them as "van Beethoven," are facts that cannot be contested, but it is equally impossible to deny that in a country where there existed a separate tribunal for cases affecting persons of noble birth, the fact that the great musical genius was of (supposed) noble descent, must have exercised at first a very great influence upon his social relations.

In North Germany, matters always were a very different aspect. The higher classes there had far less influence upon the intellectual development of the nation, and scarcely troubled themselves about music at all. Even the example of the great Frederick who cultivated music—in his own way, it is true—honouring art and artists, found no imitators among the aristocracy. The middle classes have been, from the middle of the last century, the patrons of music; in every town of any importance there have been well-attended subscription concerts, and it was not in the capitals of the princes of North Germany, but in Leipzig and Hamburg that the greatest musicians and teachers resided: it was to the latter city that Ph. Em. Bach, among others, removed, though he held in Berlin the post *celeberrima* to the great monarch.

This short retrospective view of the matter is instructive for the present age, inasmuch as the latter exhibits a continuation of the relations formerly subsisting between musicians and the upper classes. Although the South German nobility no longer occupies the politico-social position, in which it gave the tone to all artistic relations, it still exhibits a lively and active interest in any one or any thing of importance; and though, on the other hand, the higher classes in the North of Germany manifest a far greater sympathy for art than they manifested in former times, the centre of gravity of art-life is still situated in the towns inhabited by the middle classes more exclusively; it was not in the capitals that Hiller, Mendelssohn, and Schumann worked and laboured. The musical festivals for which *St. Paul* was composed, were founded by commercial and manufacturing towns, and while, even at the present day, the incentive to a good portion of the artistic successes achieved in the South still proceeds from the higher classes, causing those successes to extend still further, there are good reasons for asserting that most successes in the North have forced their way from the towns to the capitals, and that it is the great reputation first achieved by composers at musical festivals and at subscription concerts that has served to guide the elegant concert-public at the residences of the different courts. The cases of very great virtuosos, who have played in empty or only half-filled rooms, but who after immense successes elsewhere (Leipzig, etc.), reported here (in Berlin), have given concerts, when the rooms have been crammed to suffocation, and still continue to be so, are so well-known, that it is immaterial to mention particular instances or to cite names.

What are we to conclude from this? Simply, thus much: that musicians will never obtain an independent social position until those who are not celebrated no longer endeavour to gain what is to be obtained only by great reputations, or especial tact, in no way connected with any artistic excellence; until great and famous artists accurately gauge how much of the homage paid to them is to be attributed to genuine enthusiasm for art, and how much to be put to the account of ostentation. They alone stand so high that they can, without the slightest presumption, obtain for every class of musicians a higher position, by strictly preserving their own place, as representatives of the highest order of art, and by not allowing themselves to be led by the homage of Society into making concessions, from which musicians occupying a less eminent position suffer, though they themselves do not. The latter are often told that they must be contented with being simply received, and must not expect the treatment accorded only to the most celebrated members of their profession; whoever will not conform to this state of things is accused of overmuch self-esteem—and if he ever truly perceives his own position and rights, he cannot say that the charge was altogether unfounded. He must look for his place, where it is ungrudgingly accorded, in middle-class society. If he succeeds in making a great reputation, certain circles will be open to him the more readily that he has not sought to penetrate into them, and then—it is his duty not to be presumptuous. Generally speaking, let him follow the rule of conduct which Horace, the poet and philosopher, laid down for himself: It is enough to pray to the Gods for what they give, and what they can take away. Let them accord me life and what I require to maintain it; I will myself provide evenness of mind.

"Sed satis est orare Jovem que donat et auferit;

Det vitam, det opus, æquum mi animus ipse parabo." H. EHRLICH.

* Zelter, in his *Biography of Fasch*, speaking of the great King, says: "The pretensions he advanced to possessing better taste than any one else in literature and in art, his system of governing by superior power, here as elsewhere, was insupportable to many persons."

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

† In his action against his sister-in-law.

"REVIVALS."

(From the "Sunday Times," Jan. 16.)

Welcome to the beginning of an act of justice which, for completion, requires the help of all who know what masterpieces of music the world has passed by and forgotten. Now that we have no great creative genius among us, men are beginning to search out the works of composers who, living in the wonderful era which began with Bach and ended with Mendelssohn, were neglected for masters greater than themselves. There are many such works; not a few of them such as desire a high place in public esteem; and he who brings them out into the light does a specially good service, not less to his generation than to the memory of composers. For this reason we are pleased to receive No. 1 of a series of "Revivals," which "will consist of pieces hitherto only existing in manuscript or which have been out of print, selected from the works of eminent masters." The firm undertaking the grateful, and we hope profitable, task of publication is that of Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co., while the editor, Mr. J. W. Davison, is a gentleman whose fitness for the work nobody will think of questioning, and whose name affords a guarantee of judicious selection. A good beginning has been made by the issue of W. Friedemann Bach's grand Fantasia, as played by Madame Arabella Goddard at the last Monday Popular Concert. Concerning this work we shall do well to quote from Mr. Chappell's annotated programme. "No reference is made," says the writer, "to this interesting, original, and masterly composition in the *Catalogue raisonné thématique*, &c., of the works of W. F. Bach, which forms part of C. H. Ritter's comprehensive book—*Carl Philipp Emanuel und Wilhelm Friedemann Bach und deren Brüder*. That it has, hitherto, remained in manuscript may, therefore, be considered certain. Herr Ritter not only describes in his catalogue works that are printed, but speaks of a vast number that are unpublished. Nevertheless, he is evidently ignorant of the Fantasia, as well as of a great many more compositions by the same hand." Under the conditions thus pointed out, the publication before us has a special interest, which the fact that W. F. Bach's work is one of merit increases. The writer above quoted says it is "as much in the style and plan of a sonata as more than one of the sonatas of Beethoven. It comprises four movements, the second, third, and fourth of which are as regular in form as any movement of the kind which could be named. The first movement only is a free fantasia. The eldest Bach himself has left examples of the kind; so has Mozart; so has Beethoven. Little matters the form, however, when there is so much that is beautiful as in this Fantasia by W. F. Bach." Finally, we read: "When it is remembered that the Fantasia, the exact date of which it is impossible to ascertain, must be, according to a fair calculation, considerably over a century and a quarter old, the freshness of its ideas is something to wonder at." After hearing and reading the composition for ourselves we have nothing to say of it but words of praise. The first movement begins with some brilliant *arpeggios* in E minor, and is continued by a series of passages running through various keys, and showing not only fertile but graceful fancy. All are written with singular freedom, and savour as little as may be of the starved and formal style generally associated with music of the period. The second movement in E major is an effective contrast. Placid in character and regular in form, it is at the antipodes of the erratic Fantasia preceding. Its first two phrases bear a singular resemblance to the corresponding phrases in "Away with melancholy;" and it is upon these in their primary form, inverted, or slightly varied, that the movement is chiefly built. The simple grace of the music deserves all that can be said in its praise. The *Andante*, in A minor, is written mainly in two parts, upon a quaint and characteristic theme which appears alternately for either hand. Its treatment is original, as well as marked in an eminent degree by the "freshness of idea" already pointed out. A sustained pedal, during which the first theme breaks up and fades away, brings this admirable *Andante* to an end. The *Rondo finale* in A major, if less novel than the earlier movements, is equally attractive as regards the charm of its music. Moreover, it reveals in an equal degree the accomplished master whose graceful themes are combined with artistic treatment in such a manner that the art is concealed, and we think only of the beauty it has produced. Let us say, finally, with reference to this work, that if subsequent numbers of "Revivals" prove equal in interest, music lovers will owe a good deal to the editor and publishers.

Esmeralda, an opera by Signor Fabio Campana, has been brought out at St. Petersburg, with success.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

After an interval devoted to pantomime and other holiday amusements, the Crystal Palace concerts began again last Saturday, in a manner that promises well for the rest of the season. Mr. Manns had evidently laboured hard to bring his orchestra up to the mark, below which a long spell of pantomime music must have forced it. He succeeded admirably; the first overture—Beethoven's *Coriolan*—being played with splendid unity and power. The work itself is a fine example of dramatic music. In the words of the annotated programme, "it is indeed a work of Roman grandeur and stern Roman compression and conciseness; but with a vein of pure, noble beauty, revealing the well-spring of grace and sweetness which was always playing beneath the stern exterior of the great musician." There is not, perhaps, in all music a more effective contrast than between the two subjects of this overture; the one, vigorous and stern as Coriolanus himself, who

By his rare example made the coward
Turn terror into sport;"

the other, as gentle and graceful as the woman who adorned the hero's home. Such an example of Beethoven's greatest power ought to have been applauded to the echo. But as the audience let it pass with little notice, we can only say so much the worse for the audience. The symphony was Mendelssohn's in A minor—that in which is recorded for all time the vivid impressions made by Scottish scenery upon a young and poetical nature. About the work itself there is no need to speak. Every bar is known as it deserves, and no music of the kind holds a higher place in general estimation. It ought to be mentioned, however, as an interesting fact that, in a letter to his friend, Klingemann, dated "Edinburg, July 30, 1829," Mendelssohn penned the first sixteen bars of the symphony he did not complete till 1842. No doubt can exist, therefore, even if the character of the music were not sufficient evidence, that the "A minor" was directly inspired by its composer's now historical journey. Every movement was heard on Saturday with unflagging attention. Which of the four met with the greatest favour is hard to tell, but it may have been the *scherzo*, that "wonderful compound," according to the official annotator, "of health and life, heath and moor, blowing wind, screaming eagles, bagpipes, fluttering tartans, and elastic steps of racing Highlanders, all rounded off and brought into one perfect picture with the most consummate art that probably any painter, poet, or musician ever possessed." Weber's overture to *Euryanthe*, another favourite composition with the Crystal Palace audience, followed the symphony and closed the concert. The instrumental solos were Mendelssohn's organ sonata, No. 4, and Bach's prelude, in E flat, with the "St. Ann's" fugue. So well known are the brothers Arthur and Charles Le Jeune that it would be almost enough to mention them in connection with these great works; but the performance of each was specially remarkable for all that constitutes perfect organ playing. Master Charles Le Jeune, playing Bach's magnificent fugue in knickerbockers, amounts to a marvel. Mr. Santley was the vocalist, and gave, with great success, Sullivan's admirable ode, "I wish to tune my quivering lyre."

NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY.

Elijah was given by this society on Wednesday evening week in Exeter Hall. The conditions of its performance were not entirely favourable. In the first place Mr. Martin's chorus mustered in such scanty numbers that the entire orchestra could not have counted 400 heads. We were sorry to observe this, because the chorus has, hitherto, been the strength of the society, and its falling off has an ominous look. The occurrence, however, may have been accidental—at any rate it is so to be hoped. In the next place, some of the principal singers failed to appear. Hence, the double quartet was given as a double trio; and, if we do not mistake, the conductor himself had to assist vocally in "O, come, every one that thirsteth." On the other hand, the orchestra was more than commonly efficient, and such of the chorus as did put in an appearance sang vigorously and well. The soloists were Madame Rudersdorf, Miss Palmer, Mr. George Perren, and Mr. Renwick. Madame Rudersdorf again showed that she stands at the head of interpreters of the "widow music." In "Hear ye, Israel," moreover, she made a great effect, and was greatly applauded. Miss Palmer and Mr. Perren sang carefully; the latter being very successful in "If with all your hearts," which he gave with a good deal of refined expression. Mr. Renwick's voice is hardly as pleasant as could be wished, and he used it on this occasion so as to suggest a ranting prophet rather than the dignified Man of God whom the Bible depicts and Mendelssohn coloured with his consummate art. Mr. G. W. Martin conducted. At the next performance Mr. Martin promises the *Walsburgs Night* and a motet by Mendelssohn.

Figaro states that the Emperor never gives less than 500fr. for a box at any of the theatres.

LEFÉBURE-WÉLY.

By the death of this great virtuoso, aristocratic and elegant Paris has lost its own particular organist, I mean that one among contemporary organists whose talent was a more faithful expression than that of any one else of a class of persons of the present epoch, who pursue the road to Heaven with every possible regard to their own comfort. This favour, this reputation, was something he saw spring up and grow without much effort on his part, for he simply obeyed his artistic temperament, and followed the impulses of a lively disposition, and of an extraordinarily fertile imagination.

Lefébure (Louis James Alfred), born at Paris, the 13th November, 1817, was the son of an organist of St. Roch. It is very certain that he knew his notes and the key-board before he knew his letters. At the age of eight, he played his first mass. When he was fifteen, he acted as his father's substitute, and, about the same time, carried off at the Conservatory, where he had Halévy for master, the prizes for organ, counterpoint, and fugue. It was on the organ of St. Roch that he began to indulge in his picturesque and daring extempore playing, always elegant, and sometimes grand and elevated; it placed him at the head of a new school, which possesses the secret of combining, in due proportions, melody and sentiment with science.

On being appointed organist to the Madeleine, in 1847, he found an instrument of Cavaille-Coll's. Its resources, until then ignored, were destined to put it in his power to realize all his inspirations. With what ardour, with what skill, did he not assist the impulse given to the organ-building of modern times by physical science! By constant application, he acquired the art of combination, exquisite taste, a happy mixture of the different stops, an inexhaustible variety of sonorous effect, and, lastly, his mechanical virtuosity. He found, too, in this church, select, delicate, and impressionable hearers, who responded to his natural inclinations, and mundane tastes, and, by their suffrages, furnished with wings his exhibitions of extempore playing.

Lefébure was at the apogee of his reputation, when, in the month of April, 1863, he took possession of the great organ at St. Sulpice. In his new position, he found himself exposed to the jealousy of his rivals, and to a fresh outburst of criticism. The principal charges against him were the want of religious character in his ideas, and their petulance; these, however, constituted a great portion of the secret by which he achieved success in a church, the services of which should be distinguished by a great austerity of character. He could not bring himself not to shine, not to please, not to "faire diversion," and for this he sacrificed seriousness. The mathematical side of his art, the cold and inflated style of the fugue, damped his dashing nature. Not that he ignored or did not appreciate these things; far from it. In his notebook, under the date of May, 1865, I read: "I extemporized to-day an interminable fugue for them; I hope they will not now say that I can play only polkas!" He was a profound harmonist, and no one was more capable of coming back to his melody, by a series of chords, sometimes astonishingly daring. On other occasions, a simple modulation sufficed to carry him away from his original theme. Yet, such was his love for art, that he neglected nothing which could contribute to expand and embellish the theme. For instance, every Sunday, he used to read over the particular Offertory of the day, and then extemporized according to the sense and character of the words. Ought not every good organist to do the same? His extempore playing was, indeed, the accentuated re-echo of his nervous disposition. He entranced and carried away even those who did not like his manner. Rossini said to him one day, very justly: "People like you much more for your faults than for your good qualities."

A blade so thoroughly tempered, naturally wore out the scabbard. On the organ at St. Sulpice, an organ requiring a great deal of physical strength, Lefébure, whose health was already much shaken, expended his energies with an ardour that accelerated his end. He was eaten up by fever; his extempore playing revealed his state. "He seemed to fear," as our colleague, Hip. Prévost wrote, the other day, "that he would not have sufficient time to sing, in his own harmonious language, all the melodies in his soul." The moment arrived, however, when he was compelled to beg M. Louis Dessane, the organist of the choir, to take his place "up there;" when he was compelled to trust his reputation to that gentleman, as distinguished as modest, whom, during his lifetime, he designated as his successor—and this artistic testament will, doubtless, be carried out. It was only with great difficulty that Lefébure could now ascend the steep stairs leading to the organ loft. One day, not long since, he promised to perform at a marriage, and he wished to keep his word. He was, therefore, laboriously making his way up, when suddenly the sound of the blow, given by the Swiss with his halberd, announced the commencement of the ceremony. In less time than is required to write down the fact, the gallant artist, ran up forty steps, and, bathed in perspiration, and suffering from a cough which brought the blood-tinged foam to his lips, he placed his hands upon the keyboard. He was never, perhaps, grander. It was his last piece of

extempore playing; the farewell of the organist to the organ, the strains of which are like an echo of the Infinite.

Lefébure-Wély wrote a great deal for his instrument; for the harmonium; and for the voice. I will cite merely his "Cantiques," which are exceedingly well known; a remarkable "O Salutaris;" a collection of "Offertories;" some pieces composed expressly for the Mustel Harmonium; a fantasia entitled *Tiania*, for piano; the "Duo sympathique," dedicated to his two daughters, &c. At the Opéra-Comique, he brought out a work, *Les Recruteurs*, in which Capoul made his first appearance, but which was not a success. It is but a few days since that, with a hand already struck by death, he traced his last compositions: "Le chant du Cygne," a melancholy reverie, for piano-forte and harmonium, in which we perceive very plainly the presentiment of his approaching death. He has left some posthumous works. "In all that he composed"—as M. Ambroise Thomas, a most competent judge, proclaimed, at the tomb—"we must always admire the grace, the good taste, the purity of the style. He has left works, noble in character, and elevated in sentiment, which will bear evidence of his passage among us, and of the influence he must have exerted." A sure, devoted, and faithful friend; endowed with cutting frankness, tempered, however, by a large amount of kindness; an amiable companion; generous with the calculating spirit peculiar to musicians; witty and caustic like a real child of Paris, as he was, and, moreover, a spoilt child of Paris; of naturally distinguished manners, an enemy of everything trivial and commonplace; possessing, like all men on whom fortune smiles when they are young, a very strong opinion of himself individually, and never neglecting an opportunity of declaring his own merit, such, with well-directed activity, and exceeding versatility of humour, is the complete physiognomy of Lefébure-Wély, whose reputation extended to foreign countries, especially Germany.

This valiant and sincere artist has left his mark. In the gallery of organists of St. Sulpice, in which Nivert represents correctness; Clérembault, majesty; Coppeau, religious unction; Nicolas Séjan, elevated thought; Louis Séjan, elegance of form; and Georges Schmitt, impetuosity, and brilliancy; Lefébure-Wély may claim many of the qualities of his predecessors, adding the radiant charm of melody, and the scintillations of a most charming fancy.

He leaves many sympathizing friends, whose feelings of esteem are now, alas! directed exclusively to his two charming daughters, his son, and his wife, herself an eminent artist, who appreciated him so well, and loved him so much.

EM. MATHIEU DE MORTER.

NORWICH MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

An adjourned meeting of the supporters of this Festival has been held at Norwich—Lord Stafford in the chair—to consider future arrangements. A report was read from a special committee, who stated that they did not take a gloomy view of the future of the Festival, as they believed that the financial failure of the 1869 meeting arose from purely local causes, and also from the depression of trade throughout the country. At the 1836 meeting there was a deficiency of £231, but at the next meeting, in 1839, there was a surplus of £821; in 1854 there was a deficiency of £108, but in 1857, at the following Festival, there was a surplus of £351. In 1824, there was a profit of £2,399; in 1827, one of £1,673; in 1830, one of £536; in 1833, one of £448; in 1839, one of £821; in 1842, one of £550; in 1845, one of £950; in 1848, one of £500; in 1852, one of £370; in 1857, one of £351; in 1860, one of £916; in 1863, one of £1,236; and in 1866, one of £971. Thus a deficiency at one Festival was not to be considered a bar to complete recovery at the next. The committee did not consider that any reduction could be advantageously made in the expenses of the Festival, but they recommended that the prices of admission at the next Festival should be reduced from 21s. and 10s. 6d. to 15s. and 7s. 6d. at the evening concerts, with some unreserved seats at 3s., some unreserved seats to be also provided at the morning oratorios, at 5s. each. The committee further recommended that the next Festival should be held in the week following September 20, 1872; that the committee should commence the arrangements for the Festival in June, 1871; that the number of the sub-committee should be reduced to ten; and that the introduction of novelties should be limited to one great work, which must be ready for rehearsal six months before the Festival. A general committee was appointed, after some discussion, and to the general committee the report of the special committee was referred for further consideration.

A RUSSIAN COUNT, when he found a tenor visiting his wife early in the night, made the singer sit at the piano and sing opera airs for five hours under the cover of a pistol.

SIGNOR VERA's opera, *Valeria*, which was so successfully given at Bologna last year, is to be performed at Turin at the Vittorio Emanuele Theatre, in a few days, where it will be sung by Mesdames Vera Lorini and Mazzucco, and by Signori Uriò and Coliva. The same opera is to be given during the carnival at Florence, at the Pergola Theatre, with Madame Biancolini, and Signori Perotti and Sparapani.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

The *Creation* was given on Friday se'nnight to the crowded audience invariably attracted by Haydn. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Mr. Santley appeared as solists. The lady is, perhaps, heard to better advantage in this oratorio than in any other. It affords full scope for the display of her bright voice, and gives less occasion for the peculiar expression in which she is apt to indulge. "With verdure clad" and "On mighty pens" were well sung and loudly applauded. Mr. Vernon Rigby was hardly in such good voice as usual, a fact to be explained, most likely, by recent illness. This, however, did not account for his dwelling on every high note in the popular tenor song, to the destruction of rhythm, and the balance of Haydn's well-balanced phrases. We counsel Mr. Rigby to avoid the habit. Mr. Santley sang his music as usual; and how that is we have no need to tell. As a matter of course he was vehemently applauded. The choruses were given with immense power. "The heavens are telling" was alone worth going to hear. Sir Michael Costa conducted. *Elijah* was to be given last night. T. E.

THE GREAT SOUTH KENSINGTON ORGAN.

The following is the official specification of the grand organ for the Royal Albert Hall of Arts and Sciences, South Kensington, now in course of construction by Mr. Henry Willis, of the Rotunda Organ Works, Camden Town, London:—

The instrument consists of five Claviers. The compass of the four Manual Claviers extends from CC to C in altissimo (five complete octaves, or sixty-one notes), and that of the Pedale from CCC to G (two octaves and a fifth, or thirty-two notes). The *Pedal Organ* consists of 21 stops, viz:—

- | | |
|--|------------------------------------|
| 1. Double Open Diapason, wood, 32 feet. | 11. Quint, metal, 6 feet. |
| 2. Double Open Diapason, metal, 32 feet. | 12. Super Octave, metal, 4 feet. |
| 3. Contra Violone, metal, 32 feet. | 13. Furniture, 5 ranks. |
| 4. Open Diapason, wood, 16 feet. | 14. Mixture, 3 ranks. |
| 5. Open Diapason, metal, 16 feet. | 15. Contra Posaune, wood, 32 feet. |
| 6. Bourdon, wood, 16 feet. | 16. Contra Fagotto, wood, 16 feet. |
| 7. Violone, metal, 16 feet. | 17. Bombarde, metal, 16 feet. |
| 8. Great Quint, metal, 12 feet. | 18. Ophicleide, wood, 16 feet. |
| 9. Violoncello, metal, 8 feet. | 19. Trombone, metal, 16 feet. |
| 10. Octave, wood, 8 feet. | 20. Fagotto, wood, 8 feet. |
| | 21. Clarion, metal, 8 feet. |

The inside pipes belonging to those stops that contribute to the front are similarly shaped in mouth, body, and foot.

The first Manual Clavier or *Choir Organ*, contains 20 stops, viz:—

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|----------------------------------|---|
| 1. Violone, 16 feet. | 12. Piccolo (harmonic), 2 feet. |
| 2. Viola da Gamba, 8 feet. | 13. Super Octave, 2 feet. |
| 3. Dulciana, 8 feet. | 14. Mixture, 3 ranks. |
| 4. Lieblich Gedact, 8 feet. | 15. Corno di Bassetto, 16 feet. |
| 5. Open Diapason, 8 feet. | 16. Clarionet, 8 feet. |
| 6. Vox Angelica, 8 feet. | 17. Cor Anglais, 8 feet. |
| 7. Principal (harmonic), 4 feet. | 18. Oboe, 8 feet. |
| 8. Gemshorn, 4 feet. | 19. Trompette harmonique, 16 and 18 feet. |
| 9. Lieblich Flûte, 4 feet. | 20. Clarion, 4 feet. |
| 10. Celestiana, 4 feet. | |
| 11. Flageolet, 2 feet. | |

The pipes in this organ are of metal. The effect of wood is imparted by the harmonic construction, and the disadvantage of using wood for small pipes is therefore avoided. The stops numbered 1, 3, 6, 8, 9, 11, 14, and 17 are intended to represent what is called the "Echo Organ" in some large organs, and in them placed on a fifth Clavier.

The second Clavier, or *Great Organ*, contains 25 stops, viz:—

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|---|--|
| 1. Flûte conique, partly harmonic, 16 feet. | 13. Viola, 4 feet. |
| 2. Contra Gamba, 16 feet. | 14. Octave, 4 feet. |
| 3. Violone, 16 feet. | 15. Quinte Octavante, 3 feet. |
| 4. Bourdon, 16 feet. | 16. Piccolo harmonique, 2 feet. |
| 5. Open Diapason, 8 feet. | 17. Super Octave, 2 feet. |
| 6. Open Diapason, 8 feet. | 18. Furniture, 5 ranks. |
| 7. Viola da Gamba, 8 feet. | 19. Mixture, 5 ranks. |
| 8. Claribel, 8 feet. | 20. Contra Posaune, 16 feet. |
| 9. Flûte harmonique, 8 feet. | 21. Posaune, 8 feet. |
| 10. Flûte à Pavillon, 8 feet. | 22. Trompette harmonique, 16 and 8 feet. |
| 11. Quint, 6 feet. | 23. Tromba, 8 feet. |
| 12. Flûte Octavante harmonique, 4 feet. | 24. Clarion harmonique, 8 and 4 feet. |
| | 25. Clarion, 4 feet. |

Of the above Stops only the basses of the Bourdon and Claribel are of wood.

The third Clavier, or *Swell*, contains 25 stops, viz:—

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|--------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1. Double Diapason, 16 feet. | 14. Piccolo harmonique, 2 feet. |
| 2. Bourdon, 16 feet. | 15. Sesquialter, 5 ranks. |
| 3. Salicional, 8 feet. | 16. Mixture, 5 ranks. |
| 4. Open Diapason, 8 feet. | 17. Contra Posaune, 16 feet. |
| 5. Viola da Gamba, 8 feet. | 18. Contra Oboe, 16 feet. |
| 6. Flûtes à Cheminées, 8 feet. | 19. Baryton, 16 feet. |
| 7. Claribel Flute, 8 feet. | 20. Voix Humaine, 8 feet. |
| 8. Quint, 6 feet. | 21. Oboe, 8 feet. |
| 9. Flûte harmonique, 4 feet. | 22. Cornopean, 8 feet. |
| 10. Viola, 4 feet. | 23. Tuba Major, 8 feet. |
| 11. Principal, 4 feet. | 24. Tuba, 4 feet. |
| 12. Quinte Octavante, 3 feet. | 25. Clarion, 4 feet. |
| 13. Super Octave, 2 feet. | |

Of these stops only the basses of the Bourdon and Claribel Flute of wood.

The Fourth Clavier, or *Solo Organ*, is to contain 20 stops, viz:—

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|--------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1. Contra Basso, 16 feet. | 11. Corno di Bassetto, 16 feet. |
| 2. Flûte à Pavillon, 8 feet. | 12. Clarionet, 8 feet. |
| 3. Viola d'Amore, 8 feet. | 13. Bassoon, 8 feet. |
| 4. Flûte Harmonique, 8 feet. | 14. French Horn, 8 feet. |
| 5. Claribel Flute, 8 feet. | 15. Ophicleide, 8 feet. |
| 6. Voix Celeste, 8 feet. | 16. Trombone, 8 feet. |
| 7. Flûte traversière, 4 feet. | 17. Oboe, 8 feet. |
| 8. Concert Flute, 4 feet. | 18. Bombarde, 16 feet. |
| 9. Piccolo harmonique, 2 feet. | 19. Tuba Mirabilis, 8 feet. |
| 10. Cymbale. | 20. Tuba Clarion, 4 feet. |

Nos. 11, 12, 13, 14, and 17 are enclosed in a swell box.

The following are the *Couplers*, 14 in number:—

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|------------------------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Solo Sub Octave (on itself). | 8. Swell to Choir. |
| 2. Solo Super Octave (on itself). | 9. Solo to Choir. |
| 3. Swell Sub Octave (on itself). | 10. Solo to Pedals. |
| 4. Swell Super Octave (on itself). | 11. Swell to Pedals. |
| 5. Unison Solo to Great Organ. | 12. Great to Pedals. |
| 6. Unison Swell to Great Organ. | 13. Choir to Pedals. |
| 7. Unison Choir to Great Organ. | 14. Sforzando. |

A double acting vertical movement struck by the heel of either foot instantly detaches and connects the movement of the Pedal Organ from all but the Bourdon, Violone, Open Diapason (metal), and Octave, and also draws and withdraws the pedal coupler to Great Organ. Eight patent pneumatic combination pistons govern the whole of the stops of each Manual Organ. These thirty-two pistons appear immediately below and in front of each clavier, concentrated so as to be at all times within reach of the hands of the performer. Six pedals govern the stops of the Pedal Organ by means of ventils. Two pedals apply and detach a movement that causes the aforesaid six pedals governing the Pedal Organ to act also upon the combination movement of the Great Organ. Six pedals govern and combine in various ways all the other accessories, and thus, by one instantaneous operation of the performer, vary the effect of the whole instrument at once. Two tremulants, governed by pedals (one to the Swell, the other to the Solo Organ), are applied. These tremulants act only upon suitable stops. The *Sforzando* is brought into action by means of a pedal. Two pedals govern the great to pedal coupler. The patent atmospheric contrivance of 1862 for actuating the Swell independently of the swell pedals is also applied.

The internal metal pipes consist of 5-9ths lamb-stamp commercial tin and 4-9ths soft lead, and the scales of these, as well as those of the front, are suitable to the proportions of the building. All the front pipes are made of tin 90 and lead 10 in 100 parts, and are burnished and polished in the same manner as those in the best Continental organs. The key fittings are elegant in design, the combination pistons being plated with gold and engine-turned. The claviers are made of very thick ivory.

The main reservoirs in which the compressed air is forced are placed in a chamber prepared in a clean and dry locality. The feeders supply the air by steam power, are of the most ample size, and constructed to receive their wind from the room above, and not from the locality in which they are placed. To carry out this arrangement (of the highest importance) passages are provided for the wind shafts to and from the organ to the chamber in which the main reservoirs are placed. The main reservoirs deliver their wind to numerous reservoirs in immediate connection with the pipes.

HERR JULIUS STOCKHAUSEN the well-known baritone-bass, has been engaged by Mr. Mapleson, and is now on a tour with Mdlle. Tietjens, &c. We believe that Herr Stockhausen is also to sing during the operatic season at Covent Garden.

MUSICAL EXPRESSION.

BY THOMAS HASTINGS, MUS. DOG.

Expression belongs to composition as well as to execution. In composition, it is required, not only that pieces be regular and grammatical in their structure, but that they have a design so definite and so well elaborated as fully to accomplish its end. Like a public address, a piece of music must have an object, a method, and a manner which can be appreciated. It must have "a beginning, a middle, and an end." He who reasons illogically, talks loosely and at random, having nothing better for us than self-display, is simply a vain, impertinent fellow. He is like a clown who comes into a splendid parlour without an errand and who will soon be shown to the door.

So it is, or should be, with the composer. He must mean something, and must say what he means, and render himself reasonably intelligible. If he is dealing in mysteries for the initiated, let him give them suitable subjects for study and reflection; but when he composes for the benefit of the community at large, let him render himself intelligible, and not cater to the mere prejudices of a blind admiration. Pieces intended for amusement or display claim a wider latitude; and, though they often lose by it, they are not equally amenable to the canons of criticism. But the art, as already intimated, has been given to us for more important and beneficent purposes. For the accomplishment of these purposes, which are truly normal, our principle, just as in prose and poetry, must for ever hold good. It is as fundamental to art as to mental science and to literature. To speak for the purpose of showing off our own acquirements is one thing; to speak in self-forgetfulness, for the presentation of some important subject is quite another. This is a broad distinction, and one which in ordinary matters is universally appreciated.

Distinguished musicians in modern days, we are sorry to say, have lost immeasurably by so often setting this principle aside. Miriam was not engaged in histrionism when she sounded her timbrel beyond the Red Sea, nor David when he sang and played before the ark of God in the solemn procession, nor Paul and Silas, who sang at midnight in the depths of a dungeon; and chief musicians on these ancient occasions, it may be presumed, were not labouring for self-display.

But, it will be said, musicians have to gain their support; and must commend themselves to the public patronage as best they can. Yet, whether the blending of fundamental distinctions has not been the means at once of lessening the effective power of music and the claims of a healthful patronage may well demand a doubt. Certain it is, that the religious and moral influence of music has not kept pace with the progress of artistic refinements.

A few oratorical examples may serve to illustrate our position.

The oratorio has been termed a musical feast. It embraces vocal and instrumental music in its multiplied varieties, combinations, and attractions. Its subject *claims* to be religious. Its *topics* are so for the most part; yet, in reality, it is intended for amusement and artistic display, and not at all for religious worship in the evangelical sense. Its design is histrionic, and even in this respect it often proves a failure.

Haydn's *Creation*, for instance, was for a long time exceedingly popular. The attraction of fine, rich, inimitable strains of music was irresistible. Who could presume to criticize such a genius, or pretend to suspect him of any real deficiency? But the time has come when a just estimate can be formed. Considered merely as a *drama*, it is a splendid failure. The introductory page of unvoiced discords reminds us of a musical chaos, from which we are glad to be relieved by the sudden introduction of harmonies which are to pass for the creation of light. His "Verdure clad," gives us sweet music in the person of a *prima donna* whose style and manner absorb attention. He is full of mimicries, which are fanciful enough. We perceive when large beasts spring to life, because they are heavy, treading at the bottom of the base staff; and the doves advertise themselves by cooing, as if already enjoying a comfortable inclosure. His choruses are animated and genial. He excites within us, while the piece is new, an abundance of what might be termed social good feeling and artistic enchantment. But whoever derived *legitimately* from his *Creation* any exalted conceptions of creative energy, vastness, or awe-stricken sublimity? There is enough of free-hearted gladness, but it seems rather earthly than heavenly. We receive impressions of full-hearted joyousness, but not of true devotion. The people were, at all events, to be pleased; and the chief purpose was artistic. But why should sacred words be thus treated, even for splendid amusement? Is there no danger of desecrating tenderness and associations? And do not such things react upon the Christian mind against the real power and normal effect of musical appeals?

Handel, the father of English oratorios, whose style has become antiquated, has more depth of sentiment. He sometimes astonishes us by the sublimity and grandeur of his appeals, by the power of his descriptive imitations, and by the melting tenderness of his pathetic passages. But he has a mixed congregation before him, and must give pleasure to the different classes of hearers. So he affords amusement occasionally, by the queer leaping of frogs and the strange buzzings of "all manner of flies." He shows us the sun standing still, by a single long-drawn note of the violin on the letter A in alt, through several pages, resisting the united attacks of the orchestra to the full end. He presents us with a vocalist striving to outmaster the accompanying instrument in setting forth the trumpet alarm of the resurrection! He gives us a

duet of singers vying with each in exclamations of universal triumph over the sting of death. He brings before us a double chorus of Jews and heathens, striving each other in the attitude of praise, while Dagon's party makes the sweetest music. And, amid all the masterly strains of his *Messiah*, we find in the chorus which he most prized for its *skill*, and deservedly so,* the Jews apparently, as in real life, striving with each other for the skillful utterance of the most awful blasphemies!

These were some of the follies and the sins of Handel, which have been too often and too successfully imitated by later composers. Witness the "Stop thief!" chorus, and the chorus, "Stone him to death!" Handel, though his biographers hope that he finally died a true Christian, was, in his years of activity, a man of profaneness, who, when angry, could "swear in five different languages successively." But he had wonderful powers of conception, and in his religious pieces, doubtless, often aimed to touch the true chords of evangelical piety. The productions of this sort, clothed as they are with histrionic associations, are important models for the study of expression. They are not perfect. They are by no means to be selected indiscriminately. Nor are they to be closely imitated. Nor yet is his antiquated phraseology to be used. But his masterly powers of conception and expression, which are still unrivalled in modern days, may well engage our earnest and critical attention. The follies and sins to which we have alluded were multiplied because of his blending of distinctions. He must often show off himself and his singers, even while our attention ought to be absorbed by the considerations presented in the topic before us.

Here was a fault of no trivial nature. If a Handel could so often commit it, we need not wonder at the greater temerity of his numberless successors.

We have now two classes of religious music, so-called, which in practice are continually confounded. We have what properly might be termed a concert style, for the exhibition of art; and a devotional style, which holds art in true subordination. Just in proportion as æsthetic motives prevail, the former will gain precedence of the latter. Artistic sentimentalities may become very pleasing to us in hours of devotion, but will they lead us in the direction of the Holy of Holies? That is the true question. Many good people, we fear, are too much under the influence of habit to catechize the real nature of enjoyments which *fine music* gives them. But, to others, the unmistakable signs of a declining interest in music which is purely devotional have been painfully manifest. This continual blending of distinctions which are fundamentally at variance will not answer. It may live out its day and do mischief, but the sooner we can be rid of it the better.

Let us not here be misunderstood. We are not offering principles which are newly discovered. We have nothing to hazard by the presentation of such criticisms as the above. They are fully authorized by the best writers in England and elsewhere, even among men who were sceptical in religious matters. Musical students should not be unmindful of the broad distinction we have been here considering. It is one which lies at the very basis of all true expression.

SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS.

The second of these concerts proved in many respects better than the first. There was greater unity in the orchestra; the programme was free from dance music; and a crowded audience gave *façade* to the performance which reacts so pleasantly upon itself. We are glad to note these things; and hope that at last a successful effort is making to bring cheap orchestral music home to the doors of Londoners.

The concert began with the overture to *Der Freyschütz*, which was redemanded by a large portion of the audience, but not repeated. Mozart's Symphony in G minor opened the second part. So graceful and beautiful (yet, withal, so scientific and masterly) a work could not fail to arrest attention. Every movement was heard by the great crowd with an interest pleasant to witness; and, at the close, vigorous applause showed that the popular mind is not wholly below Mozart's level. The final overture was Nicolai's bustling prelude to *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. Herr Wilhelm, a violinist, whom our readers will remember as having played, three years back, at the Monday Popular Concerts, made his *rentrée* on this occasion, and was well received. His performance of a very uninteresting concerto by Ferdinand David, and of Ernst's well-known *Elegie*, was marked by extraordinary executive ability (the octave playing being simply wonderful); and, also, by a luscious beauty of tone as rare as it was beautiful. We shall speak more at leisure of this artist, and it must suffice, now, to add that his success was undoubted. The *Elegie* was encored. Madame Sinico, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Signor Foli supplied the vocal music, and each obtained favour with the audience. Mr. Reeves never sang better in his life. His rendering of "Adelaide," "My own, my guiding star," and "Tom Bowling," songs belonging to as many different schools, was perfect alike in taste and expression. The applause after each was tremendous; and persistent efforts were made to force encores for both the ballads. But Mr. Reeves was more persistent in his refusal, and won the event. T. E.

* Usually omitted in this country.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL.

THE ELEVENTH CONCERT OF THE TWELFTH SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON
MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 24TH, 1870,
To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUARTET, in A minor, Op. 29, No. 1, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello (by desire)—Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RIES, STRAUS, and PIATTI Schubert.
RECITATIVE and AIR, "Mi tradi quel alma ingrata"—Miss EDITH WYNN Mozart.
SONATA PATETICA, in C minor, Op. 13, for Pianoforte alone Beethoven.
Mr. FREDERIC H. COWEN

PART II.

SERENADE TRIO, in D major, Op. 8, for Violin, Viola, and Violoncello—Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, Herr STRAUS, and Signor PIATTI Beethoven.
SONG, "The mighty trees bend"—Miss EDITH WYNN Schubert.
SONATA, in B flat, for Pianoforte and Violin, No. 10 of Hallé's Edition—Mr. FREDERIC H. COWEN and Madame NORMAN-NERUDA Mozart.

Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets to be had of AUSTIN, 23, Piccadilly; KEITH, FROWSE, & Co., 48, Chesapeake; HAYS, Royal Exchange Buildings; R. W. OLIVIER, 19, Old Bond Street; and of CHAPPELL & Co., 50, New Bond Street.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS. MORNING PERFORMANCE, SATURDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 29TH, 1870.

To Commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUINTET, in C major, Op. 29, for two Violins, two Violas, and Violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, ZERNINI, and PIATTI Beethoven.
SONG, "Ave Maria"—Miss BLANCHE COLE Schubert.
SONATA, in A major (No. 2 of Hallé's Edition), for Pianoforte alone—Herr PAUER Mozart.
SONG, "The Star's Message"—Miss BLANCHE COLE Tours.
TRIO, in B flat, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello—MM. PAUER, JOACHIM, and PIATTI Schubert.
Conductor Mr. BENEDICT.

THE SUBSCRIPTION CONCERTS

WILL TAKE PLACE AS FOLLOWS:

MONDAYS, January 24, 31, February 7, 14, 21, 28, March 7, 14.
Seven Morning Performances will be given on SATURDAYS, January 29, February 5, 12, 19, 26, March 5, 12, the Subscription to the Sofa Stalls for which is fixed at £1 10s.
Madame ARABELLA GODDARD will appear on Saturday, March 12, and Monday, March 14; Herr PAUER on Saturday, January 29, and Monday, January 31; Mr. CHARLES HALLÉ on Saturday March 5, and Monday, March 7.
Madame SCHUMANN is engaged for a limited number of Concerts in February and March, and will make her first appearance on Monday Evening, February 14.
Madame NORMAN-NERUDA will make her last appearance on Saturday Afternoon, February 19.
Herr JOACHIM will make his first appearance on Saturday Afternoon, January 29, and remain till the close of the season at Easter.

Enquire of DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.
extremely rare Romance to be sold for FIFTY GUINEAS.
copied by *John Young*. A perfect copy of this
MAGDONALD et de LA BELLE GUINÉE, fille de Henri de Montfort, Comte de Combar
de Florennes de l'histoire de l'émigration d'Alsace, filz du Roy FLORENCE

DEATH.

On 14th January, at 10, Warwick Crescent, Maida Hill, Madame PAREPA, aged 67.

NOTICE.

It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday; otherwise they will be too late for insertion.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock P.M. on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1870.

MUSICAL EXPRESSION.

A PAPER on this subject by Dr. Thomas Hastings, which will be found in another column, deserves notice as an example of how a truth can be misapplied. The writer expresses himself somewhat hazily, but, if we understand him, he means by the "blending of fundamental distinctions," the union, in music written upon sacred subjects, of that which is purely devotional with that which is merely pleasing. He has got hold of a truth only true when applied within certain bounds; and, having it, he blunders outside its circle, and comes to conspicuous grief. What is the truth which Dr. Hastings knows not how to use? Simply that devotional music should be devotional; in other words, that nothing about it should interfere with the primary object of exciting and sustaining religious feeling. To this end the composer of devotional music should always direct himself; and when he loses sight of it he invariably goes astray. So far Dr. Hastings is right. But when the worthy transatlantic musician, who has written psalm tunes and anthems so long, that he believes in nothing else, carries his fundamental idea into the region of oratorio, he loses himself, and falsifies it. At the outset he cuts the ground from under his own feet, by saying that the oratorio is "intended for amusement and artistic display, and not at all for religious worship in the evangelical sense." We don't like the Doctor's use of the word "evangelical;" but we entirely agree with him, and thank him for putting himself out of court so completely. If the oratorio be not intended as devotional music—and it is not—then the requirements of devotional music have no application to it. Yet Dr. Hastings goes on to make an elaborate attack on the *Creation* and *Messiah*, because those works are, to some extent, historical and descriptive. Where is the writer's logic? Of course it was open to him to attack oratorio by saying that sacred subjects should not be used as means of artistic gratification. With any arguments based upon such a belief we could not have the smallest sympathy; but the position of the arguer would be intelligible. To some extent Dr. Hastings takes up this position—as, for example, when he asks—"Why should sacred works be thus treated even for splendid amusement?"—and, so far, we understand him. But on the other hand, what does he mean by first saying that the *Creation* is not at all intended for religious worship, and then reproaching it for not conveying impressions of "true devotion?" As well might one of the Doctor's countrymen declare the "nigger" to be not a man, and then chastise him for falling short of manly qualities.

Based upon an egregious error, the Doctor's criticism of Handel and Haydn is hardly worth refuting. He complains of the dramatic element in the works of both; that element without which the *Creation* and the *Messiah* would be destitute of a chief attraction. Would he have a devotional oratorio? The thing would be as futile as a dramatic anthem? Let Dr. Hastings wipe his spectacles and look at the matter afresh.

There can be no question, however, that Dr. Hastings expresses, in his misty way, the prejudices of a large number of people. The feeling of "pietism"—one of the narrowest, if one of the most well-meaning things conceivable—which has made "evangelical" religion synonymous with all that is uncomfortable, would bar the oratorio if it could. Dr. Hastings has simply put the feeling into words; and, as though half-ashamed to speak plainly, he has uttered a lot of illogical "dark sayings," upon which it became our duty to throw a little light.

Poor Levassor, whose death was announced by the London papers on Tuesday, partly lived by holding us English up to ridicule. His favourite caricatures were the bluff John Bull and the French raw recruit, and he was equally felicitous in both. But we laughed just as heartily at one as at the other of his capital caricatures, as every frequenter of the St. James's Theatre can testify. Yet the French papers said on Monday night that the sensitive sons and daughters of "*la perfide Albion*" pelted him out of the playhouse when he attempted to appear on the stage, because he had dared to caricature them. This is how history is written by the Père-Loriquets of the French press. Among the French actors who played in London, Levassor was one of the most, if not absolutely the most, popular. Mr. Mitchell, of Bond Street, may, perhaps, think it worth while to correct this blunder, instigated by ill-nature. No one knows better than that enterprising gentleman what a large number of friends and well-wishers M. Levassor had in this country.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

THE second London Ballad Concert, given in St. James's Hall on Wednesday evening, was shorn of some of its advertised attractions by the illness of Madame Goddard and Mr. Vernon Rigby. In place of the former, however, Mr. Wehli appeared and played some solos in a style which appeared to give infinite satisfaction to the audience. The other artists who took part in the concert were, for the most part, those who sang on the previous Wednesday. As regards the programme, nothing could have been better adapted to the tastes of ballad-lovers; and the enjoyment of those present—all, presumably, ballad-lovers—was of an uncommon order, judging by the applause bestowed. We need not enter into particulars with regard to what was done. Enough that songs old and new followed each other through a lengthy programme, that nobody had reason to complain of not receiving money's worth, and that everybody went away more than satisfied.

MADAME PUZZI gave the first of three musical evenings, at 24, Belgrave Square (by permission of the Marquis of Downshire), on the 10th inst. She was assisted by artists of eminence; among others, by Madame Sinico, Mdle. Regan, MM. Ciabatta, Caravoglia, Foli, Pague, R. Blagrove, and Mattei. The programme was, as usual, on such occasions, of a varied character. Among the pieces encored, were "*Qui sdegno*" (Signor Foli), "*La dove amor*" (Madame Sinico and Signor Foli), "*Le Bearnais*" Galop de Concert (Signor Mattei). Other successful performances were those of Madame Sinico, in Schira's exquisitely beautiful *réverie*, "*Sognai*" (with violoncello *obligato* by M. Pague); Mr. Cobham in "*Alice where art thou?*"—and Mdle. Regan in Rossini's "*La Partenza*," Mr. Ganz and Signor Pilotti acted as accompanists.

No songs are so well-known and popular as those of Scotland; and no interpreter of them is so well-known and popular as Mr. Kennedy. It would almost suffice, therefore, if we said, merely, that Mr. Kennedy gave three of his admired entertainments at Hanover Square Rooms on Friday week, on Monday, and on Tuesday. But since his last appearance in London the Scottish vocalist, *par excellence*, has been on his travels, and now prefaces each song with "anecdotes illustrative of the effect produced by our country's songs upon the native American, and the 'Scot abroad.'" Further, he gives between the parts "glimpses of Salt Lake City" (recollections of a visit to the Mormons). It is needless to say that both anecdotes and recollections are highly amusing, and help to pass away a most agreeable evening. Miss Kennedy accompanies the songs, and further diversifies the performance by playing a selection of reels, strathspeys, &c.

The second concert of Madame Sainton's short farewell series was given in St. James's Hall on Friday night. As in the instance of its predecessor, the programme was well made out. Madame Sainton herself sang "By the simplicity of Venus' doves," Barnby's "Rainy Day," Levey's "Many a year ago," Claribel's "Children's Voices," and "Caller Herrin." Loudly applauded after each, the artist obtained a deserved encore for "Children's Voices." In future Madame Sainton will be known as a composer rather than a singer; and it is pleasant to state, therefore, that one of her new songs, "Marjorie's Almanack," sung by Miss Edith Wynne, was encored, and another, "The Village Bridge," sung by Mr. L. Thomas, made a decidedly favourable impression. Both display not only good musicianship, but the power to seize upon and express the sentiment of the verses. Other ballads were given by Miss Wynne, Madame Rita, Miss Angele, Mr. Byron (encored in "The Thorn"), Mr. Maybrick, and Mr. Thomas. Among the pieces sung by

Mr. Barnby's Choir were Leslie's "My Love is fair," Barnby's "Sweet and Low," "A Spring Song" by Pineuti, and, to go from small things to great, Mendelssohn's Psalm, "Judge me, O God." The instrumental soloists were Miss Agnes Zimmermann and Signor Piatti. The former played her own adaptation of Handel's second organ concerto, and Taubert's "La Campanella;" the latter his fantasia on Scotch airs, and, with Miss Zimmermann, Mendelssohn's variations for violoncello and piano. That both played well will be taken for granted. Mr. Thoulless was again the accompanist. We must not omit stating that Mr. W. H. Cummings was unfortunately prevented from taking his share of the programme by illness.

MR. DENBIGH NEWTON'S Annual Concert took place on the evening of the 12th inst, at St. George's Hall, and offered a novelty, in addition to a well sustained programme, in which he had the assistance of Mesdames Grace Corridale, Ellen Glanville, Fanny Armytage, Jessie Royd, and Adelaide Newton, as well as of Messrs. Stanton, Chaplin Henry, T. Calvert (a recitation), Frank Thornton and Ellen Roberts, Harpist to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. Mr. M. E. Walker, a young performer on the concertina, from Dublin, exhibited a refined musical taste, and, as in the case of Regondi, caused a regret that the capabilities of the instrument are so inadequate to the depths of the performer's artistic feeling. The novelty above alluded to, was the production of Mr. D'Oyly Carte's lively *opera di camera*, *Doctor Ambrosius, his secret*; which, it will be remembered, was brought before the public, about eighteen months back, when the cast was sustained by the same company viz., Miss Royd (soprano), Miss A. Newton (contralto), Mr. Wallace Wells (tenor), Mr. D. Newton (baritone), and an amateur bass. As might have been anticipated from the long interval between the two representations, there was much of the character of a "first time" about the performance, and some few lapses of memory; but there was success enough to warrant all concerned in following up the impression made, and pressing forward on the path made by Mr. German Reed. Compact and concise works of their class, supported by a few clever actor-vocalists, would soon take root in the public affections; and recommend themselves to managers also, as involving no outlay, or very little, in mounting them. Mr. D'Oyly Carte and his coadjutors may well be congratulated upon the agreeable innovation; and as a natural consequence, exhorted to search among our old fashioned farces, for the material of another *opera di camera* without loss of time. The "situation" in the second act was most creditably developed, and called into action the dramatic powers of the *troupe*, so as to win great applause; and no small praise is due to the composer, who has so ably treated a situation which from its nature affords but little scope for music.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

The programme of the second concert of the year was as follows:—

PART I.

Quartet, in C major, Op. 59, No. 2	Beethoven.
Song, "Swallow, swallow"	Piatti.
Sonata, in C minor, Op. 25, pianoforte	Woelfl.

PART II.

Sonata, in A major, pianoforte and violoncello	...	W. S. Bennett.
Song, "Go not, happy day"	...	Seymour Egerton.
Quintet, in A major	...	Mozart.

Two of the instrumental pieces were introduced for the first time at these entertainments—the solo sonata of Woelfl, and the duet sonata of Professor Sterndale Bennett. The first-named, revived by Madame Arabella Goddard at one of her recitals in May last, was played by her with equal success on Monday night. Joseph Woelfl, born in 1772, was a contemporary and rival of some of the greatest pianists and composers of the early part of this century, including Clementi, Dussek, Steibelt, Cramer, Hummel, and Beethoven. So happy was he in improvisation that he could maintain his ground in this respect, even in competition with Beethoven. Although Woelfl had not the rich and facile genius of Dussek, he was a more thoroughly trained musician, and might easily have won higher and more permanent fame, as well as a happier condition, with greater prudence of worldly conduct. This eminent musician settled in London, where he ended his life miserably in 1811 (?)—his resting-place being now unknown. Woelfl has left compositions in the most important forms of instrumental music; including orchestral symphonies, one of which (in G minor) was revived at the first concert of the Philharmonic Society, in March last. His chief works are for the pianoforte, on which instrument he was a performer of remarkable power. Perhaps the best of all his many solo sonatas is the one in C minor, revealing as it does consummate science, grandeur, and elevated sentiment. The introduction and fugue, the impulsive *allegro*, the sublime *adagio*, and the quaint final *allegretto*, are sufficient in themselves to stamp their composer as a remarkable man. The beautiful duet sonata of our most distinguished native musician

is one of several works by the same hand, for the hearing of which we have been of late years indebted to Madame Goddard. Since the cessation of Professor Bennett's own exquisite performances in public, that lady alone has kept his admirable concertos in general remembrance by her occasional splendid performances. The Sonata in A met with the reception which might have been expected from an audience long accustomed to music of a highly intellectual order. Each of its four movements was received with manifest expressions of pleasure. The grace and refinement pervading the whole, the melodic fluency, and the ornate richness of the passage writing distributed between the two instruments, were alike recognized as emanating from the hand of a master. The minuet, with its *alternative*, narrowly escaped an encore. How finely the work was played by Madame Arabella Goddard at the pianoforte, and Signor Piatti at the violoncello, the simple mention of those artists will imply. Of the "Rasounowsky" quartet of Beethoven, symphonic in proportion and grandeur of style, and the clarinet quintet of Mozart—the one given for the fifteenth, the other for the eighteenth time—it is only necessary to say that the first was led by Herr Straus, and the last by Mr. Lazarus. Mr. L. Ries was second violin, and Mr. Zerbin, viola—the latter acting as accompanist in the absence of Mr. Benedict. Both the songs were finely sung by Mr. Santley, and both encored—the first, the composition of the renowned violoncellist, enhanced by his own *obligato* accompaniment, the other the production of a distinguished amateur.

H. L.

PROVINCIAL.

CARDIFF.—We read in the *Cambria Daily Leader* as follows:—

"The concert given for the opening of the new organ in Hannah Street Congregational Church was a success. The building was crowded, and the performance satisfactory. The principal vocalists were Miss Edmonds and Simester, Messrs. Hunt (Gloucester) and Grove (Newport). Miss Edmonds sang, with all her usual grace and finish, 'O had I Jubal's lyre' and Mr. Brinley Richards's 'Pilgrim's Path' (both encored); Miss Simester was obliged to repeat 'The marvellous work,' the solo in which she rendered in admirable style. The chorus, conducted by Mr. Lewis, won credit in Mozart's Twelfth Mass. The organ, erected by Mr. Vowles of Bristol, under the direction of Mr. Marychurch, possesses a fine tone."

MANCHESTER.—The *Manchester Examiner and Times* of Jan. 17 writes a flattering account of a recent concert given by Messrs. Forsyth at the Free Trade Hall, when the artists consisted of Mr. Mapleson's tour party. We extract as much from it as our space will allow:—

"A large audience assembled on Saturday evening, attracted by the names of Mdlle. Tietjens and other popular artists. This, we believe, was the first concert given in Manchester by Mr. Mapleson's company since the famous 'coalition,' which was to suspend operatic hostilities in London. Instead, however, of union, the present *troupe* suggests differences. We are reminded by the changes in the list of companions to Mdlle. Tietjens that desertions have taken place from the 'grand double company.' Some of the losses are of great importance. Madame Sinico and Mr. Santley are not to be readily replaced, and Signor Della Rocca cannot make us forget the tenors accustomed to travel with the party. In Signor Stockhausen, however, the directors of the Royal Italian Opera have secured an artist of the highest ability. He is now one of the finest singers before the public. His voice is a baritone of considerable range. Throughout the register his notes are even and beautiful. In everything he sang he proved himself a finished artist. His first performance at once created a favourable impression. This was increased in the trio from Rossini's Mass. Perhaps his greatest success was in the German *Lieder*, which were perfectly delivered. He was recalled several times."

We all remember Signor (formerly Herr) Stockhausen, who was last in England some dozen years ago, singing everywhere, with Madame Schumann and Herr Joachim. His reputation in Germany is very great. After speaking in very favourable terms of Signor Tito Mattei's pianoforte playing, the writer proceeds:—

"Mdlle. Tietjens was enthusiastically received, and sang with the feeling and taste that have for long made her so great a favourite. There is no trace of decay in the superb tones of her magnificent voice, which certainly was never heard to greater advantage. As an encore to 'L'Ardita' she sang 'Home, sweet Home,' in English, which, of course, created great enthusiasm."

The other singers were Mdlle. Vanzini, Mdlle. Scalchi, and Signor Tagliafico. The programme was of the usual "miscellaneous" character.

LEEDS.—Dr. Spark gave an organ recital on the 18th inst. in memory of the late Lefebure-Wély. The programme was headed by the following note:—

"Lefebure-Wély was one of the most brilliant and eminent of French organists and composers. For many years he held the post of organist at the Madeleine Church, in Paris, and subsequently left there to preside at the immense instrument erected by the famous Cavallé Coll, in the Church of St. Sulpice. Upon the latter instrument he greatly distinguished himself by the beauty and brilliancy of his extemporaneous and other performances. In company with our own eminent organist, Mr. Henry Smart, I heard him play on this and other organs, with great effect, about two years ago. He possessed the true soul of music, and was a kind-hearted, generous gentleman. Only a few days ago he died suddenly at the foot of his beloved organ in St. Sulpice. *Requiescat in pace!*"

WM. SPARK."

All the pieces played were selected from Wély's compositions, save one—the Dead March in *Saul*.

HERTFORD.—A correspondent writes us as follows:—

"A concert was lately given in the Shire Hall, under the patronage of R. Dunsdale, Esq., M.P., which attracted a full audience, the artists engaged were Madame Marie D'Elise, Miss Alexandrina Dwight, Mr. Walter Reeves, as vocalists. Miss Amy Perry, Master W. Parker, R.A.M., Miss Patty Parker, and Messrs. Wilton and Parker, were the instrumentalists, under the direction of Mr. Lansdowne Cottell, R.A.M., and an instrumental quintet varied the programme, by playing some overtures and symphonies. Miss A. Dwight displayed a fine soprano voice in a waltz song, 'The Naiades,' and De Grossa's 'I'm a Fishermayden,' and with Marie D'Elise in the duet from *Semiramide*, created quite a sensation. Mr. W. Reeves gave, with his usual taste, 'Alice, where art thou?' and was encored. Master Parker, of the Royal Academy, was loudly applauded in two violin solos, as was Miss Perry in two pianoforte pieces. Mr. L. Cottell presided at the pianoforte, and the whole was a perfect success."

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

FRIEDEMANN BACH, WOELFL, AND BENNETT.

The *Daily Telegraph* of Tuesday spoke thus about the works recently played by Madame Arabella Goddard at the Monday Popular Concerts:—

"Yesterday se'nnight the new old thing was the fantasia by Wilhelm Friedemann Bach, played for the first time within the memory of man at one of those interesting recitals of pianoforte music given by Madame Goddard towards the end of last season. Not only is the work still in manuscript, but it is unknown to Herr Ritter, the industrious compiler of the lives of the junior members of the great Bach family. Though a century and a quarter old, the sonata—or fantasia, as it is styled, though it is for the most part constructed on as symmetrical a plan as an orthodox sonata—is in some respects as modern in character as though it had been written but yesterday; especially to be noted for the absence of all traces of age is the *allegretto*, as fresh and charming a movement as can be imagined. The sensation created when Madame Goddard first played the fantasia, in presence of a select afternoon audience, was naturally repeated to a much higher degree when it was listened to by the enthusiastic amateurs who on Monday nights throng into St. James's Hall. How the lady played need not be said; enough that the exquisitely limpid delicacy of her touch, and the luscious fulness of tone she contrives to draw so easily from the hard keyboard, were alike manifested in Friedemann Bach's recovered masterpiece. Another 'find' of Madame Goddard was brought forward by her last night—an introduction, fugue, and sonata in C minor by Woelfl, whose short-lived triumph has been succeeded by a period of undeserved neglect. The sonata played last night exhibits Woelfl's genius in the most striking light. The elaborate and throughout interesting fugue is introduced by a short *adagio* full of sustained dignity, the strong contrast between the two movements mutually heightening their effect. The long *allegro* which opens the sonata proper is remarkable for the art with which variety and unity are simultaneously preserved; the themes are sufficiently similar to give the movement a homogeneous character, while a constant diversity of treatment imparts unceasing interest. The *adagio* is, to our thinking, 'somewhat monotonous'; but the *rondo* brings the sonata to a vigorous and satisfactory conclusion. Long as the work is, Madame Arabella Goddard firmly held the attention of her hearers until the very last note, when they broke out into hearty plaudits, and recalled her to the platform. She was joined by Signor Piatti in Professor Sterndale Bennett's little-known sonata in A major—a work, which, from beginning to end, is full of beauty and feeling. We will not dwell on each movement; but the *minuetto* must be specially noted, inasmuch as it displayed conspicuously the delicate fancy which is the author's chief characteristic, is charmingly written for both instruments, and won last night the most cordial applause. It is not the least of Madame Goddard's many claims to admiration and sympathy that she is the most devoted exponent of our gifted countryman's genius."

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

The pantomime, which first occupied the entire evening, is now pre-ceeded by a *lever du rideau* in the shape of M. Offenbach's pretty operetta, *Lisohen and Fritschen*. The valet out of place and the buy-a-broom girl whose names form the title of the piece, and who are absolutely the only characters employed in it, are impersonated with much vivacity by Miss Julia Mathews and Mr. Wilford Morgan. The gentleman has a good voice, which he has learnt how to use, and the lady an unflinching fund of animal spirits, which, however, she would do well to husband somewhat in case of need. The operetta is of the slightest for so large a house as Covent Garden, but it served its purpose of introducing the glories of the pantomime. The story of *The Yellow Dwarf* is now told more quickly than on Boxing-night, and the unnecessary vocal pieces have been expunged, while the costumes, as artistic as they are sumptuous, and the admirable views of Steel Castle and its interiors, are as effective as ever. The harlequinade, moreover, has the peculiarity of being really amusing.

HENRY C. WATSON.

Our readers, to whom the name of *Watson's Art Journal* must be familiar, may have asked—Who is Watson? Here is an answer to the question taken from *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Paper* :—

"The most distinguished musical critic in this city, and perhaps in the United States, is Mr. Henry C. Watson. Born in London in 1820, Mr. Watson came of a distinctly musical race, and his father was a well-known composer in England. His talent as a boy was evinced as a vocalist, and wondrous things were predicted by the London critics of the day respecting the child-singer. These, however, were all to be falsified. He developed early a tendency to literature, which overcame his musical disposition, and thrust him upon the press. While yet merely a youth he came to New York—it was in 1840. At that time the press of the metropolis was an open field for strangers, and he almost immediately became known. Securing a position upon the *New World*, the popular weekly of that day, he made his *début* both as a critic and as a poet. In both these positions he achieved an instantaneous success. So pronounced, indeed, was this, that he received a liberal offer from the *New York Albion*, at that time the most critical paper published in this country. From this time, his progress has been steady and sure. Many writers upon music have appeared at his side, but they have not succeeded in obliterating his position as decidedly the leading journalist, who deals, intelligibly as well as scientifically, with music in this country. At the same time, it is not simply as a musical critic that his pen has been known. Among numerous other journals with which he has been connected, he, in conjunction with Edgar A. Poe and Charles F. Briggs, started the *Broadway Journal*, while from 1856 to 1861 he was editorially connected with this paper. Discursively, however, upon almost every subject save politics, as his pen has been employed, it is principally as a musical critic that he will most probably be remembered, although as a writer of songs—both as poet and musician—he holds a distinct and most enviable position. While writing upon the *Daily Tribune*, some years since, his review of Meyerbeer's *L'Africain* was translated both into French and German, as well as republished in England—a sufficiently rare honour, as connected with American criticism, to be worth chronicling. Indeed, his capability and wholesome energy as a reviewer have brought him so prominently before the public, that he has invariably been selected by his brethren, musical or literary, as their spokesman, upon all such occasions as the receptions of Jenny Lind, Sontag, Catherine Hayes, and other of the musical and vocal celebrities who have visited these shores. Among other of his labours, it may also be mentioned that he organized the great Mendelssohn Memorial Concert at Castle Garden, where an assemblage of at least 16,000 persons paid homage to the departed genius. Nor ought it to be forgotten, that it was by his unwearied exertion also, that the American Musical Fund Society, for the benefit of aged and impoverished musicians, was originally created. His address to Jenny Lind procured for it, from that estimable lady, the princely donation of 8,000 dols.

"Mr. Watson has recently assumed the position of art critic upon the *Democrat*. His trenchant and wholesome pen will undoubtedly make the mark through that sheet which it has invariably done upon every journal with which it has been connected. There are yet sufficient musical abuses to need the professional scalpel of a keen and determined critic, while there are numberless meritorious and struggling artists to whom a kindly word may be of almost priceless value. Knowing Henry C. Watson as thoroughly as we know him, we feel certain that he will not flinch from the use of the first, nor refrain from the utterance of the last."

ORATORIO CONCERTS.—On Thursday evening Mr. Barnby gave Haydn's *Seasons*, of which performance we must defer speaking till next week.

The death of M. Levassor, the popular French actor, mimic, and vocalist, of the Palais Royal, Paris, and the St. James's Theatre, London, is announced—in his 63rd year.

A COUNTRY CRITIQUE.

Who is the musical reporter of the *Knottingley Business Circular and General Advertiser*? We should like to know him, because original genius is rare. Here is a specimen of his contributions, the publication of which must speedily result in our friend's removal to the metropolis :—

"On Thursday evening the Knottingley Town Hall was crowded by a respectable audience who realized perfect enjoyment in listening to the dulcet strains of Handel's immortal *Messiah*. No wonder that so exceptional a musical banquet brought together the most genteel audience that may be found in this district. There was present H. E. C. Childers, Esq., M.P., First Lord of the Admiralty, who was very warmly cheered. Before the oratorio was in action the audience had a chance to survey the room, which created one buzz of admiration. The orchestra was thronged with nearly 100 performers, who made the place ring again with the most genuine music that ever was heard. The *bâton* was skillfully wielded by the celebrated Dr. Spark, to add one sentence to whose universally-recognized ability would be simply fulsome. We could not discover one blur throughout the evening. The music ran gloriously.—Those of our readers who did not hear four splendid vocalists, in the persons of Mdle. Clara Doria, Miss Annie Anyon, Mr. George Perren, and Mr. G. Hall Rushforth, missed a prodigious treat. We could have sat, most comfortably, an hour longer to hear such singing.—Mdle. Clara Doria is possessed of a mellifluous voice, from which the gushing, rippling notes convinced her delighted hearers that she is a charming vocalist. It would be superfluous to comment on any particular piece that was sung; everything was rendered faultlessly.—Miss Anyon is the best contralto we have heard. Those who have heard her sing 'He was despised' will not soon forget that lady.—Mr. George Perren mightily pleased us. His rich voice, telling enunciation, admirable conception, and gigantic execution, lead us to see in him a great tenor. It is on record that comparisons are invidious; nevertheless, we have discovered in Mr. Perren, a formidable rival in the much-admired Sims Reeves.—Mr. Rushforth is a first-rate basso. He obtained a good share of deserved applause.—Dr. Spark has been highly eulogized for his selection of principals."

THE WALTZ OF THE PERIOD.

We really didn't know it, but there is a great deal in the waltz of the period. Here is what an American writer says about it :—

"The waltz of to-day is the passion poem of motion, and, written by first-rate composers, is a circle of beauty complete in its parts; not long, but rich; not solemn, but full of grace, dignity, and love. The very movement of three steps to the bar, one accented and two unaccented, gives a ricocheting proportion that is indescribably graceful. Then, too, the intense accents of the modern school, the rainbow-archings of the violinism of the orchestra, the dazzling rapidity of the small flute, the clarinet, the cornet—all afford as large or larger scope for genius than much serious music, whose dignity is dulness and whose sacredness is the blind, stereotyped admiration of mere phantoms.

"The waltzes performed by Thomas's great orchestra, in his recent concerts here, were lyrics. They embraced instrumentation, melody, double counterpoint, imitations, progress, climax, and a general dramatic drift and scope, that would adorn the best symphony.

"Exactly rhymed, each eight bars corresponding to four lines of poetry, and answering, by some mystic law, the symmetrical exigencies of the human heart, exposing, in rapid utterance, every shade of passion and emotion, bringing in broadest contrast the dazzling and unequalled splendours of a richly endowed orchestra—at one moment the fierce and blasting roar from trumpets, horns, and trombones, either in stern unisons or ponderous harmonies; at another, the sober utterings of the bassoon, the pleading wail of the haut-boy, the brilliancy of the clarinet, and the feathery spray of the flute; at another, the whirl of fiercely jabbering drums, or the resonant crash of colossal cymbals, and almost in the same breath, the sequence of the feminine or angelic portion of the orchestra, the vast structure of violinism from turret to foundation stone, from the harmonic innocence of the highest note to the block tenors of the lowest—these great orchestral divisions, separately or partially or wholly combined, are all lavished with the exuberant hand of passionate and heroic genius in the construction of the waltz of to-day."

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.—A new theatre will shortly be erected, exclusively for opera. The cost is estimated at five hundred thousand florins. Of this sum four hundred thousand florins have been already subscribed.

CARLSRUHE.—Madame Viardot-Garcia's operetta, *Der letzte Zauberer*, is in rehearsal at the Grand-Ducal Theatre. The fair composer has added some new pieces, among them being a *bravura* air, for Mdle. Murjahn, who will sustain the part of Stella.

COBURG.—After a lapse of eighteen years, Halévy's *Guido et Ginevra* has been very successfully revived. On the day following the first performance, the Duke created Madame Fichtner-Spohr (Ginevra) and Mdle. Gerl (Ricciarda) Ducal Chamber-Singers (*Kammerängerinnen*).

W A I F S.

Maillart's *Lara* is in rehearsal at the Opéra-Comique.

Herr Gottschalk is reported to be dead. He has lately been giving concerts in Brazil.

The Denmark and Winter Garden is the name given to the new theatre in Leicester Square.

M. Th. M. Wider has been appointed organist of St. Sulpice, in place of the late Lefébure-Wély.

A new operetta by Mr. Ferdinand Wallerstein, formerly of the Haymarket Theatre, is in preparation at the Queen's.

We regret to learn that Mr. W. G. Cusins has resigned the post of conductor of the orchestral and choral practices of the Royal Academy of Music.

M. Gounod's *Médécine malgré lui* is to be performed at the Lyrique, which theatre, *on dit*, will soon be again under the management of M. Carvalho.

A telegram by Atlantic Cable dated New York Jan. 11, says:—"Mr. Fechter made a very successful *début* last night at Niblo's Theatre, in the drama of *Ray Blas*."

Mr. John Hullah has been appointed conductor of the orchestral and choral practices at the Royal Academy of Music, vacant through the resignation of Mr. W. G. Cusins.

Professor Sterndale Bennett's daughter is to be married this day at Christchurch, Lancaster Gate, to Thomas Case, Esq., Fellow of Brazenose College, Oxford.

James Russell Lowell has written a poem called "The Cathedral," whereof the word of promise speaks exceedingly well. The poem will be published in the January number of the *Atlantic*.

The Cubans manifest their admiration for opera artists in an odd way. Instead of throwing bouquets on the stage, they throw a young negro covered with bracelets of gold and jewelry. The black is, in fact, the favourite's jewel-casket.

The committee of the Liverpool Society of "Friends of Foreigners in Distress," have addressed a vote of thanks to Signor Ardit, "for the permission given them to play for the first time his new waltz, 'The Lancashire Witches' (dedicated by permission to the Duchess of Manchester), at their grand ball." The waltz was greatly admired.

Several foreign papers are engaged in discussing the question of ecclesiastical music in churches, which may be brought before the Roman Council. Some advocate nothing but plain chant (Gregorian); others modern music and tonality; while others say—why not both?—and only banish the operatic airs and adaptations now so frequently used in Roman Catholic churches?

When the idea of learning to sing by note was first introduced into New England, something more than a hundred years ago, it was strongly opposed on religious grounds. It was regarded as nothing less than Popery in disguise. The *New England Chronicle* put it in this form:—"If the singing of songs by rule is allowed, the next thing will be to pray by rule and preach by rule, and then comes Popery." In the town of Braintree, several members of the church were expelled because they advocated singing by note.

While the Richings English Opera Company lost money by their operatic engagement at the Grand Operahouse, the Parepa-Rosa English Opera Company is coining money out West. Crowded and brilliant audiences have attended them everywhere, the receipts ranging per night sometimes as high as three thousand dollars. The fact is, that Parepa-Rosa is herself a dominant attraction, and, surrounded as she is by a company so admirable in every respect, it can hardly be a matter of surprise that crowded audiences are attracted wherever she appears. The arrival of Parepa-Rosa and her star company in New York is anxiously expected.

THE VENUS DE MÉDICIS.—No ancient statue is more celebrated than the Venus de Medici; indeed, it is looked on by connoisseurs as a perfect model of female loveliness. M. Bonomi has been taking the measure of this statue. He finds that, allowance being made for her stooping position, her height is about five feet and two inches. This is rather below the middle height. The foot of the Venus is exactly nine inches in length, rather more than one seventh of the whole height. Her waist is of course uncompressed, and of its natural size, and does not appear to be either too slender or too stout to be in perfect harmony with the figure of this famous goddess. The Venus de Medici was discovered in the villa of Hadriana in Tivoli.

All who take an interest in the elevation of the drama amongst us will regret to learn that Mr. Barry Sullivan has been obliged to give

up his brilliant effort to uphold "the intellectual drama" at the Holborn Theatre. The season terminated on Saturday night, Mr. Sullivan's speculation, we regret to say, having cost him little less than the heavy sum of eight thousand pounds. The fact is, the English public care very little about the so-called intellectual drama now-a-days. The scene-painter, the burlesque writer, and actresses with petticoats as short as the Lord Chamberlain will permit, are the only powers by which managers may hope to attract audiences large enough to pay. After all, this does not say very much for the nineteenth-century civilization of which we are all so proud.

OLD HOUSES.—I love old houses best for the sake of the odd closets and cupboards, and good thick walls that don't let the wind blow in, and little out-of-the-way polyangular rooms with great beams running across the ceiling—old heart of oak, that has outlasted half a score of generations—and chimney pieces with the date of the year carved above them, and huge fire-places that warmed the shins of Englishmen before the house of Hanover came over. The most delightful associations that ever made me feel, and think, and fall a-dreaming, are excited by old buildings—not absolute ruins, but in a state of decline. Even clipped yews interest me, and if I found one in any garden that should become mine, in the shape of a peacock, I should be as proud to keep his tail well spread as the man who first carved him.—*Robert Southey*.

William Spencer Jones, lessee of the Jarrow Theatre, was summoned before the South Shields magistrates for having assaulted an actress named Mary Montague. The complainant said when they were rehearsing a piece, Mrs. Jones (defendant's wife), asked her if she would take a certain part, but witness declined. On Miss Montague refusing, Mrs. Jones seized her by the hair and dragged her across the stage to where defendant was, and they then both endeavoured to throw her down some stairs. Mrs. Jones, failing in that, caught complainant in her arms and tossed her to Jones, saying, "Give it to her," whereupon Jones swung his arm round her, and getting her head in his left arm, commenced to batter her face with his fist. He struck her several blows under the chin, and knocked seven of her teeth out. She thought Jones was going to kill her, and "she gave herself to God," saying, "Lord, take my soul." When defendant relaxed his hold of her, her jaws were locked, and it took her two hands before she could open her mouth, and when she did so several teeth fell out. Defendant had since run away. The magistrate considered the case a very bad one, and imposed a fine of £5 and costs, complainant to receive half of the fine (!!!)

For months past the organ of St. Joseph's Catholic Church has behaved in the most strange and unaccountable manner. Frequently, at the beginning of the service, when the organ struck a high key, the instrument would give forth a curious wail, prolonged for a minute or two, regardless of time or tune; and before the close of the service it sometimes happened that one or more of the low tones would take a similar "kink," and utter a sound similar to an engine blowing off steam, that could neither be stopped or regulated. The organist was immensely puzzled by these pranks, which were the more curious from the fact that they were intermittent—on some Sundays the instrument behaved with faultless propriety. At length, one recent Sunday, the organ let out such an unendurable "yowl," at a most impressive portion of the mass, that a thorough search was resolved on, when, wonderful to relate, it was found that an old cat had been blessed with a litter of kittens; she was wont to stretch herself and family across some of the interior cords or valves of the organ in such a manner as to produce the unearthly sounds referred to. The squatters were rejected with indignant promptitude, and blower induced to resume his post, and the organ being faithfully exercised, has behaved itself ever since.

We take the following from *Watson's Art Journal*:—

"The *New York Tribune* office can supply almost any class of sensation at the shortest notice, from an editor who steals the telegraphic news and butters up Greeley, to an individual who shoots a defenceless man, or a musical critic who proposes to inflict corporal punishment upon artists in public. Editorial forging and stealing, though very rare, are second-hand sensations now: shooting down men is a popular amusement; but sticking pins into a lady in public, for not singing with sufficient *abandon* to move the æsthetic soul of the *Tribune* critic, must be accepted as a first-class novel sensation. The chaste and refined sentence in which this proposition to stick pins into Miss Sterling is to be found, must be read to be fully appreciated—it could only be published in the *Tribune*. It is understood that that powerful journal is about to establish a Regulator, to oversee the operahouses and concert-rooms, and inflict corporal punishment upon artists, in proportion to their crimes against the ears of the *Tribune*. If a tenor sings flat, he will be 'prodded' with a pitchfork; if a basso does not throw out his arms and pound his chest, he will be 'batted' over the head; if a soprano does not cast eyes at the regulator, she will be 'nipped' on both arms; and if a contralto does

not pump out expression, she will have 'pins stuck into her.' This delicate system of enforced education cannot fail to have its effect upon singers, and will probably give rise to a new style of criticism—a new *Tribune*-ism, indeed. Thus, 'Signor Stretto sang his grand *aria* with great ease and brilliancy; there was, however, an evident tendency to flatten on the upper notes, but a little judicious 'prodding' soon brought him up to the right pitch. Signor Largo threw wonderful vocal tenderness into his charming *ballata*, but his action was tame and insipid, and we regret to say that he was 'batted.' Or, 'Signora Grupetti executed her *arietta* gracefully, and in very pure style; but as the expression could not be seen, a sharp application of 'pins' was necessary, after which an expression was very visible, indeed.' Thus it is that the *Tribune* leads the van of public opinion."

Some Parisian electrician has developed a brilliant idea: he electrifies singers just before they "go on," and they electrify the audience. They sing with spirit, energy, fire—all derived from the battery at so much per shock. Thus the work of a manager becomes simple: as he depends for light on the gas company, he will henceforth depend for the life and vigour of his operas on some new electrifying company, contracting to do the work nightly. Vocal genius will be laid down in wires, and turned on or off as required—the charge so much per Gris-power. If the singers do not sing well, the gallery will know that the manager is stingy or has no funds: or that, through a dispute with the company, the electric supply is cut off. But if it is true—if brilliant singing can be bought for cash—why not extend the principle? Could not sublime and startling oratory be distributed in "mains" all over the land, with connecting pipes, and of course meters, to every town-hall and assembly room? could not even a hostess secure a certain amount of electricity to enliven a dull dinner party—just as now she secures table ornaments and buys flowers? And, before all and above all, could not the nineteen thousand nine hundred and ninety-five dull pulpits in the land—the total number of pulpits being twenty thousand—be electrified, so that the plague of sleepy sermons might finally be exorcised?

Of Miss Nettie Sterling, whom some of our readers will remember, a New York paper says:—

"Miss Sterling went forth to be an earnest student, and it need hardly be said, of one who could be so severe a self-critic, that she brought high intelligence to her studies. We have been privileged to hear her since her return, and we can conscientiously say, that her labour has been well bestowed, for the results have exceeded our expectations. Her voice was always fine; its body full, its resources of power very great, and she used it with considerable skill. But it was not equal; it had an abundance of rough energy which needed refining, toning down, and, in some parts, building up. Her impulse and enthusiasm were great, but these, too, needed that control which could only be accomplished by the self-possession which perfect knowledge gives. Miss Sterling has achieved these ends. Her noble voice has attained its full power. It has been thoroughly equalized, and now presents that combination of ample power, cultivated refinement, and passion controlled by intelligence. She has now, in addition to one of the finest voices ever heard, an artistic style and finish which fits her as well for the operatic stage as the concert-room, and we predict for her a brilliant success in both departments. We believe the stage to be her true mission, and if she follows out the true instincts of her nature, America will have had the honour of giving to the world two of the finest contraltos—Miss Adelaide Phillips and Miss Nettie Sterling—of the present century."

The subjoined flattering testimonial was presented to Mr. David Kennedy, the Scottish vocalist, during his professional visit to Canada:—

"TO DAVID KENNEDY, Esq., Scottish Vocalist.

"SIR,—The members of the Caledonian Society of Montreal have observed with interest and satisfaction the unprecedented success which has attended you throughout the two years of your professional career, amongst the people inhabiting the northern portion of the American continent. It is peculiarly gratifying to us, as citizens of Montreal, that you should have selected our city as your starting point, a happy circumstance in itself, and one which, you have been pleased publicly to state, secured you elsewhere a cordial and enthusiastic reception. Your visit to America has been an event of national importance. You have taught the people of this new world what Scotland and her people are. They have learnt from you that Scottish life is neither bigoted nor ascetic; that around the firesides of the followers of John Knox and the sons of the stubborn Covenanters children laughed, and young people made love, and old age told its stories, and sang its songs; stories which were worth telling, songs which were both sensible and sweet. We cannot refrain from expressing to you thus publicly our high opinion of your extraordinary gifts. Your compass of voice, so thoroughly disciplined, and your unparalleled power of coupling the sentiment of the melody with the sentiment of the song, never fail to awaken the most intense enthusiasm, and to elicit from your audiences unmistakable manifestations of their admiration; while your selections have invariably been such as to elevate and improve the musical taste and moral tone of the general public. And we have marked your open-handed

and unostentatious generosity, manifested by the frequent occasions on which you have cheerfully given (as you and your accomplished daughter give to-night), your time and talents for the benefit of philanthropic institutions. And, lastly, we can all testify to the geniality of your nature, the charms of your manner and conversation, and the excellencies and virtues of your private life.

"It is in appreciation of all this, that your friends of the Caledonian Society desire now to present you with this gold medal, and a certificate of honorary membership in their society, together with this locket and chain for Miss Kennedy, which may serve to remind you, when sojourning in lands far awa', of the many warm-hearted friends you have left behind you in the City of Montreal.

"Signed on behalf of the Caledonian Society of Montreal,

"DAVID CUNNINGHAM, President.

"Halloween, 1868.

"WILLIAM McROBIN, Secretary."

THEN AND NOW.

Eternal Rome! who sat on seven hills,
Big with vast conquest and ambition's lust,
Sent forth her legions, thick as Egypt's ills,
To grind opposing nations to the dust.
And Rome still stands, immortal and sublime,
Nor yet a city where ye may not find
Her legions now, as in the ancient time;
They still go forth, their mission still to grind!

To Shirley Brooks, Esq.

CHIDLEY PIDDING.

CONSTANTINOPLE.—*Robert le Diable* and *La Muette* have been produced with extraordinary success.

MOSCOW.—Rossini's *Messa Solennelle* was performed for the benefit of the Conservatory. The Sisters Marchisio were greatly applauded in it.

WARSAW.—M. Moniuszko lately gave his annual concert, the programme of which included the first part of his popular work, *Widma*, and a new ballad for orchestra, chorus, and solo-singers, founded on Mickiewicz's *Pani-Twardowski* (the Polish *Faust*). Reversing the usual order of things, however, M. Moniuszko makes Mephistopheles a tenor, and Twardowski (*Faust*) a bass.

AIX-LA-CHAPPELLE.—In consideration of the fact that the hundredth anniversary of Beethoven's birth falls during the present year, it has been decided that, at the forthcoming Musical Festival to be held in this town at Whitsuntide, the programme of the first day shall be devoted entirely, the programmes of the other two days shall be devoted preponderantly, to the works of the great master.

DRESDEN.—On the 16th inst., Herr Joseph Tichatschek celebrated the fortieth anniversary of his artistic career. He began in 1830 as a chorister at the Karntnerthor-Theater, Vienna. In 1838, he was engaged at the Theatre Royal in this capital, and has remained a member of that institution ever since.

DARMSTADT.—A new opera, *Theodor Körner*, music by Herr W. Weissheimer, words by Luise Otto, was to have been produced on New Year's Day, a sort of prologue to it, *Deutschlands Erhebung*, having been previously brought out with success in Leipzig and Düsseldorf. Scenery had been painted, new and splendid costumes made, and all was ready, when the Grand-Duke sent to say he desired to read the libretto. An hour afterwards, he forwarded a message to the management, intimating that the opera could not possibly be produced in Darmstadt. To all prayers and entreaties, his Highness replied that he himself felt sorry, but that, if the composer, Herr Weissheimer, was a good Hessian, he could not fail to perceive that the production of his opera was entirely out of the question, as the story was based upon a disgraceful episode in the German War of Deliverance, when the Hessians were opposed to the volunteers commanded by Lützow.

OPERATIC ACTIVITY.—Our facetious contemporary, *Il Trovatore*, gives the following list of new operas written by Italian composers, or by foreign composers for Italian theatres, during the year 1869. 1. *Mario*, semi-grand, Count Sampieri, Teatro Contavalli, Bologna; 2. *Chatterton*, serious, Signor Mancini; Cingoli; 3. *Piccolino*, serious, Mad. Grandval, Les Italiens, Paris; 4. *Una Follia a Roma*, comic, Fred. Ricci, Fantaisies Parisiennes, Paris; 5. *Graniella*, serious, Sig. Decio Monti, Teatro Doria, Genoa; 6. *Eleonora d'Arboria*, serious, Sig. Enrico Costa, Cagliari; 7. *Giovanna II. di Napoli*, serious, Sig. Petrella, Teatro San Carlo, Naples; 8. *Ildegonda*, serious, Sig. Melesio Morales, Teatro Pagliano, Florence; 9. *Valeria*, serious, Sig. Eduardo Vera, Teatro Comunale, Bologna; 10. *Fieschi*, serious, Sig. Montuoro, Teatro della Scala, Milan; 11. *Ruy Blas*, serious, Sig. Fil. Marchetti, Teatro della Scala, Milan; 12. *La Martire*, serious, Sig. Perelli, Teatro della Pergola, Florence; 13. *I Tutori e le Pupille*, comic, Sig. Dechamps, Teatro della Pergola, Florence; 14. *Caterina Howard*, serious, Sig.

Vezosi, Catania; 15. *Alba d'oro*, serious, Signor Battista, Teatro San Carlo, Naples; 16. *Goretta*, semi-serious, Signor San Germano, Teatro Re, Milan; 17. *Le due Amiche*, serious, Signora Teresa Seneke, Teatro Argentina, Rome; 18. *Armando e Maria*, serious, Signor Carlo Alberti, Teatro Fiorentini, Naples; 19. *Matilde d'Inghilterra*, serious, Signor Zecchini, Teatro Contavalli, Bologna; 20. *Gulnara*, serious, Signor Libani, Palazzo Pamphili, Rome; 21. *Costanza Francavilla*, serious, Signor Santo Coppa, Teatro Carcano, Milan; 22. *La statua di carne*, serious, Signor Marchio, Reggio (d' Emilia); 23. *La serva padrona*, comic, Signor Tancioni, Teatro Alfieri, Turin; 24. *Una Notte di Novembre*, comic, Signor Iremonger, Teatro Re, Milan; 25. *Cristoforo Colombo*, serious (and posthumous), Signor Marcora, Bahia; 26. *Gonzales Davilla*, serious, Sig. Moscuza, Syracuse; 27. *Luchino Visconti*, serious, Sig. Amadei, Lugo; 28. *I promessi sposi*, serious, Sig. Petrella, Lecco; 29. *Umberto di Savoia*, serious, Signor Luigi Sivieri, Cittadella; 30. *Amore e Capriccio*, comic, Signor Stefano Tempia, Circolo degli Artisti, Turin; 31. *Le Avventure d'un Poeta*, comic, Signor Dalla Baratta, Padua; 32. *Albergo da Romano* (first produced in 1846, at Venice, but afterwards altered), serious, Signor Malipiero, Teatro Apollo, Venice; 33. *Il Maestro di Scuola*, comic, Signor Parisini, Teatro Brunetti, Bologna; and 34. *Gabriella di Vergy*, serious (and posthumous), Donizetti, Teatro San Carlo, Naples.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.—"Oh! whisper but the gentle word," song, by James Greenhill; "La Tristesse," mélodie pour piano, par Joseph Romano; "Home of my heart," song, by L. M. Watts. "Grande Valse de Bravoure," par Robert Beringer.

CHAMBER & Co.—"The Lord is my Shepherd," sacred song, by J. Miles Bennett.

ASHDOWN & PARRY.—"Wild Hyacinths," sketch for the pianoforte by D. Middleton.

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